



Marmaduke at Large

Running the world from a typewriter

To my "Sister" Linda
Cawvey,

Marmaduke at Large

Hope this gives
you some
smiles,

Yours in Delta
Kappa Gamma,

Virginia Marmaduke



Marmaduke at Large

Running the world from a typewriter

UNIVERSITY RELATIONS
Southern Illinois University
Carbondale, Illinois
1984

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The letters appearing in this book were first published in several Midwestern newspapers, including the *Chicago Tribune*, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, *The Southern Illinoisan* (Carbondale) and *The Pinckneyville Democrat*.

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Introduction

IT'S TRUE THAT VIRGINIA MARMADUKE—better known as The Duchess—of Pinckneyville, Ill., calls herself a villain, because I have her signed statement to that effect.

“As an official resident of Pinckneyville, I call myself a ‘Pinckneyvillain,’” she wrote in response to a column of mine in *The Southern Illinoisan* asking how residents of Southern Illinois communities referred to themselves.

But is she *really* a villain?

Perhaps the recipients of her more acerbic letters to the editor of various publications might think so. I happen to be among those who think of her as a sweet person.

Well, wait a minute, now. I know you have already glanced through some of the letters to the editor collected in this little volume, or you wouldn't have plunked down hard cash for it. And you probably would not have plunked down hard cash if you had thought the letters were “sweet.”

Sweetness, you say, is a drug on the market. What is needed is hard truth, however bitter, in these days when no one seems to be doing anything right. Right?

Well, you may enjoy the bitter truth to your heart's content. Personally, I'll take sweetness wherever I can find it.

Over the years—15 or more—that I have penned, typed and word-processed my column, *Byline: BG*, for *The Southern Illinoisan* newspaper, I have received stacks of mail.

Some readers have been unkind in their responses. I remember one who referred to me as a “garbagehead.” Others even tried to get me fired.

The Duchess inspired me to continue.

Unfortunately, I never had the opportunity to know The Duchess during her long, distinguished career in newspaper, radio and T.V. work in Chicago. I met her only after she had retired to her native Southern Illinois, where she has worked tirelessly for the area and for Southern Illinois University in such organizations as Friends of Morris Library.

It was a great pleasure for me to be in the same group of news people as Virginia Marmaduke when we were honored a few years ago by the Friends with their Delta Award for writing about Southern Illinois.

So when I have received little notes from The Duchess about my columns, they have been particularly welcome.

"Hey, handsome!" she started one note, congratulating me for some slight award I had won.

"Youse is a good guy," she wrote on another occasion, after I had permitted myself to be interviewed by a Pinckneyville beauty queen who aspired to a career in journalism.

Modesty forbids my quoting further from my prized collection of notes from The Duchess, except to say she often signed them, "Your fan," or "Admiringly."

I don't care what anyone else says. She's sweet.

Now go ahead and read all those nasty little letters to the editor in the rest of this book.

Just remember. There's another side to The Duchess.

BEN GELMAN

*Carbondale, Ill.
November 1984*

Baseball baby talk

Editor:

As a longtime fan of the Chicago Cubs, I want to ask a favor of today's rooters and all of the sportswriters and commentators on radio and television.

Will you please quit using sissified baby talk by calling our Cubs "Cubbies"?

Judging from where I sit down here in far Southern Illinois, the Cubs are well on their way to becoming "grizzlies" instead of "cubbies."

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Removal of hex on Cubs

Editor:

As one who was there in 1945 when the late, colorful William Sianis put his hex on the Chicago Cubs for kicking him and his goat, Billy, out of one of the boxes at Wrigley Field, I now shout "Hooray" that the new Cub management has invited the current "Billy Goat stars" to come back and erase that "bad luck" sign.

I heard that when the Cubs ignominiously lost their next game, the original Billy "got even" with those who evicted the

goat. Sianis asked the Cub management in a telegram, "Who smells now?"

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Between June 12 and August 1, 1981, a seven-week strike by major league baseball players disrupted the season. Fans were without their favorite pastime—and they weren't at all happy about it.

Baseball's show biz

Editor:

All right, fellas, now that you players and owners seem to be back on the same team again, let's get back to the real sport of baseball. Let's play it as a game!

Let's kick out the show biz that has infiltrated sports—for instance, those slicky, ballet-dancer type pants baseballers now wear.

No wonder they make errors. I wouldn't want to risk bending over in those skintight pants in front of all those watchers, either. I keep thinking of how the great Babe Ruth would have looked in today's baseball pants.

Let's get back into real baseball uniforms and let's play real hardball again.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Cooling off

Editor:

After a lifetime of following and enjoying big league baseball, I am cooling off.

In the first place, it would take a computer's mind to keep up with who leads where and who plays whom next. And somehow the players themselves have lost the personal allure they used to have. It could be that they are now a "cold, greedy corporation" instead of a lot of grown-up sandloters who just like to play ball.

Football didn't come a moment too soon for me this year. Wonder if I'll want to welcome baseball back next spring.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

The tough stuck it out

Editor:

Granted that, weatherwise and footballwise, Homecoming at SIU was a disaster, those hardy alums who loyally stuck it out at McAndrew Stadium deserve a great big bow from us "sissies" who chose to listen electronically.

Dale Adkins of WINI paid tribute to the defiant senior citizens by saying, in the closing quarter, "Looks like there are more fans in the alumni section than in the student section."

Give your grandparents a big hand, kids.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

T.V. banalities

Editor:

Did you ever hear so many banalities as infested the broadcasts of the annual Bowl parades this year? T.V. writers and performers must have spent all year collecting the drivel so they could stuff it into our ears on New Year's Day.

Even the ensuing juvenile comments by the football-casters were somewhat of a relief.

Surely somebody can come up with a new formula for these "commentating cuties."

P.S.: No, I was not suffering from a hangover as I watched.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Football game prattle

Editor:

Let's get back to plain old play-by-play and less prattling by cutsey-pie football commentators.

They're trying to make a "show" out of a good old football game.

Some commentators try to teach a course in tactics even as the real game is going on before your eyes. They are distracting, and it sounds like they think we listeners are attending our first football game.

All we really want to know from them is how much is left of each quarter.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

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Politics/Politicians

Needed: bachelor President

Editor:

I'm beginning to hope that the next man I vote for for President of the United States is a bachelor. And it might help if he had no immediate kinfolk, either.

During the last several Presidencies, it seems that as soon as the poor guy is elected, his own family starts giving him headline headaches.

For instance: a bachelor wouldn't have a pushy wife always grabbing his hand to get her share of camera coverage. A President without brothers and sisters wouldn't have to defend or try to ignore sassy sibling commentary.

And, finally, without children, there would be no out-of-turn taking, no free-love setups to accept, and no pot-smoking problems to try to explain.

Surely our Presidents have enough ticklish cards to play without being dealt lousy hands by their own kindred.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

U.S. Senate's T.V. plan

Editor:

Now that our U.S. Senators are arguing about whether to install their own Senate television system so the folks back home

can see them in action, how about letting the taxpayers put in a word?

Who needs their T.V.? Certainly not the voters. We get enough Congressional posturing as it is now.

The House of Representatives spent a couple of million a few years ago to do the same thing. I've never heard a word about its success—or use. Have you? Maybe their cameras showed too many of them absent or snoozing, like the commercial T.V. crews did.

A final meow: If the Senators insist that T.V. will show their “good side,” I suggest the media dub the Senators’ slush fund their “vanity” kitty.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Play “lady” without secretaries

Editor:

If Rosalyn Carter is listening, I would like to advise her to dismiss all those high-salaried secretaries she has accumulated and announce that she intends to play “Lady” of the White House for her husband’s forthcoming political campaign. As hostess for contributors’ teas and receptions and as social chairman of all events, she could help her Jimmy—in many ways.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

The 1980 Presidential campaign of Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter inspired these two letters.

Pronouncing Reagan?

Editor:

This is, indeed, a goofy, mixed-up political era, but to my knowledge it is the first one where half the people mispronounce the name of the candidate leading the polls.

On the tube, half of the people say “Ray-gan.” On the next interview show, the other half call it “Ree-gan.”

Put your praise agents to work and spell it out for us, Ronnie. It would be awful not to know how to pronounce the name of our own President.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Just say “CAR-ter”

Editor:

In case you’d like to know, I’ve had 13 letters in response to my earlier letter to you about my dilemma of whether to pronounce it “Ray-gan” or “Ree-gan.”

They all told me that the name of our next President is spelled “C-A-R-T-E-R” and said they didn’t think its pronunciation should give me much trouble.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Debating the debates

Editor:

Hooray for Missouri!

The humdinger debate your Gov. Joe Teasdale and former Gov. Christopher Bond put on from St. Louis gave me some hope that politics are not all produced, directed and packaged!

The pussy-cat Reagan-Anderson debate was boring, dull and devoid of information or stimulant. But your gubernatorial candidates dug into each other like anybody who wants another guy's job ought to!

I wish some of Missouri's political pep would ooze over the river to its neighboring Illinois.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Let's vote now

Editor:

Why drag out this political palaver now that the show is over? Wouldn't it be great to get to vote right now instead of waiting another three months?

Ronald and Jimmy have both shot their wads. Both have blasted each other sufficiently. They've already promised more than the nation can afford. And think of all the tax money that could stay in the federal fold instead of being spent on further campaigning.

In 1984, let's do away with conventions. Let's select the candidates in open, nationwide primaries. Then give 'em just two weeks to campaign at us.

Surely we are intelligent enough to understand it all the first time they say it.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Civilized inaugural

Editor:

If any permanent good comes of the hostage ordeal and the attendant media frenzy, it may be the picture of civilized cooperation we showed to the world during the inaugural moments.

Incoming President Reagan graciously invited outgoing President Carter to serve as official envoy-welcomer to the returning hostages, and Jimmy Carter accepted with equal gracefulness. It was two Americans working for America's common good in a political cooperation rare in history.

So far as I know, no other nation can match this peaceful exchange of power in its Presidency.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Poor Nancy

Editor:

Poor Nancy Reagan! She treats herself to a fancy, new dress for the Inaugural Ball and everybody yells about her extravagance.

She drags out an old one (vintage black velvet) to wear to the dinner with Canadian dignitaries and everybody sneers at her stinginess.

Another good Republican often felt the same frustration. It was Abraham Lincoln who said that you can't please all the people all of the time.

Take heart, First Lady, and wear what you want to, whenever you want to.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Where's the freeze?

Editor:

Wonder what would happen if President Reagan would get out of bed some morning and yell, "Halt!"

When he had awakened Congress, he could add: "As Commander In Chief, I order a complete freeze of the economy. Let us all try, for one year, to get along on exactly what we have."

He'd explain to slow-thinkers that this could mean we would each know exactly what everything was going to cost and exactly what was coming in.

No raises. No deductions. The same taxes, the salaries, the same rent, the same dividends.

In effect, the same standard of living we now enjoy—and with no nightmares of where-is-it-going-to-stop?

Could this nation do it? Would we try?

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

People should complain

Editor:

Are we all such sheep today that we are going to take this two-cent raise on letters without even asking the who, why and what about it?

Ever since the postal authorities just up and disregarded orders from its own government board and slapped the 20-cent stamp on us, I've been waiting for some Senate or Congressional committee to start a hearing on how all this can happen without either government or the voters getting a chance to discuss it.

But thus far not a whimper out of anybody either for or against it. Is this a giant conspiracy portending other quiet takeovers of old rules and regulations?

Come on, Mister President Reagan. You speak out so well on so many things. Convince me that this letter I'm now mailing is worth 20 cents for a 34-mile delivery to the newspaper. Or maybe you, too, haven't been fully informed.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Ready to move

Editor:

If our country is so nearly broke that it needs my savings account's interest, I'm going to move to Japan! They treat their elderly nicely over there.

I have always paid my proper tax on the interest I earned. Why don't they withhold from those who don't, instead of their paid-up citizens?

I'm writing my Congressman to vote for repeal of this unfair taxation. Hope a lot of other old "savers" do, too.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Hello, Jimmy

Editor:

Hello, Jimmy Carter, wherever you are. You've been the nicest, quietest, stay-in-the-background ex-President I've seen in a long time.

When everybody else is picking everybody else apart, it is refreshing to have you stay out of the fray.

Let those in the saddle try to ride it out.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

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Media

A no-news morning?

Editor:

I'm wondering if any of television's programmers ever look at the Saturday morning listings in the newspaper. The airwaves are so solidly juvenilized it is actually insulting to anybody over 21!

Kiddie cartoons are just fine, but even kids can be overdosed with 'em. Some interspersed semi-educational game shows would even be a welcome diversion.

But worst of all, the programming geniuses have left no room for regular noon news programs on Saturday. Maybe they don't know that real news doesn't take Saturday morning off.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Straight stuff

Editor:

Tom Amberg's series on separate care for mentally ill prison inmates should be used by every journalism school in this wide world as a perfect example of straight newspapering.

First, it showed factual research. Second, expert analysis of the whole story. And, finally, smooth and readable writing so that every reader could understand.

In my somewhat old-fashioned book, this is what good newspapers offer that no other form of communication can ever match.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

"Shocker" news

Editor:

Shame, shame on the media that used such explicit description of how Johnny Weismuller was crouching in the hospital halls yelling his once-famous "Tarzan" call.

Why couldn't they have been less cruel and simply reported that Weismuller was suffering from a mental deterioration?

Do we need this "shocker" type journalism? Shouldn't the press and the electronic media get together and form some "good taste" guidelines? It might bring back some of the respect they once enjoyed!

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Carter's three-letter word

Editor:

It's childish the way the media (T.V. in particular) have smacked their lips at being able to report the actual three-letter word Jimmy Carter used in describing Ted Kennedy's rear end.

You'd think nobody had ever heard the word before, and that they were presenting real news.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Bad reporting manners

Editor:

If Jimmy Carter is smart (and there are still some who think he is), he'll demand a new set of floor rules for his political convention next month.

He should see that young, good-looking gossip-mongers with microphones in their hands be kept out of the aisles (for fire safety's sake) and off the floor (for clarity's sake) during the entire shindig. How could any delegate think well or look good with all that distraction?

Today's press kids need training in good manners as well as how to do a good interview. I wanted to spit at the questioner, during the Bush-Reagan morning-after interview, when he asked: "Do your wives get along?"

How's that for in-depth reporting?

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Where are "manizers"?

Editor:

I'm upset at the media's use of the word "womanizer" to describe some of the extracurricular activities of some of the members of the male sex.

Does this mean that those of us who use our talents to try to attract a man are to be called "manizers"? Heaven forbid.

The old-fashioned terms were much better. In my day we called them "woman chasers" and "man chasers." Whatever new terms they invent, I hope they never change the activity.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

The television series, Lou Grant, starring Ed Asner, concerned the staff of a big-city newspaper. Most of the scripts dealt with the handling of news stories and investigative articles.

Personal views

Editor:

Will someone please tell Ed Asner that if he wants to keep on with his image of a good newspaperman in his T.V. series, he better stop spouting off his personal political views in public?

Genuine journalists strive hard to be objective, to present both sides of issues, to write what is fact rather than how they wished it might have been or how they think it could be someday.

Asner owes it to real-life newspaper men and women to act like a real one himself in real life—as well as before the camera.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Real-life journalism

Editor:

I'm hoping that the cancellation of the *Lou Grant* television show will do two things for today's journalism: first, show that real-life editors never step away from their objective desks to take national, controversial stands on issues; and second, show that real-life newspapering is far from the weekly "big story" routine that the T.V. series suggested.

For some time I've hoped young, aspiring journalists wouldn't grow up expecting a headline and byline in the *Lou Grant* style every week. Real-life newspaperfolk are lucky to get hold of a couple such stories a year—instead of one a week.

That's the trouble with the too often overwritten, overplayed stories and books on the "everyday press." Sure, journalism can be rewarding, self-gratifying and sometimes even glamorous. But only once in a big while.

All of this is straight from an old reporter's mouth.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Snide reply

Editor:

Since my name has been in print in your letters column, I've received several letters asking, "Who had the name first, you or the dog?"

They were referring to my last name and the lovable dog in the *Marmaduke* cartoon.

May I please reply, snidely, that my name was passed along to me by one of Missouri's early governors, John S. Marmaduke, of Civil War fame.

But if Marmaduke the dog can also trace his ancestry back to the Marmadukes of England, I'll claim him, too.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Royal respite from doom, gloom

Editor:

You'd have to be the world's worst cynic to have deliberately ignored the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana.

Granted, it was another chance for television to prove how it can turn a good news story into a bunch of trivia and how its

commentators turn into juvenile prattlers as they “vamp for time.” But, on the whole, both print and electronic media coverage gave us a welcome respite from the regular daily menu of doom and gloom.

Marmaduke, the cartoon dog, and I both trace our beginnings back to England, and we both admit we enjoyed the royal extravaganza.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

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Marmaduke at Large

For lack of a smile . . .

Editor:

Thanks for the elegant special section on fall fashions. But why, oh, why do all the models—both the guys and the gals—look like they’re hunting for a fight?

I have never seen such ugly pouts and frowns. If that’s really how they feel about the clothes they’re modeling, how can they expect to “sell” any of those clothes to us?

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Bubblegum addict

Editor:

This many sound like trivia, but then again it might be meaningful.

Was Konstantin Chernenko really chewing gum at his inaugural as the new leader of the Communist Party?

I watched the closeups, closely, in the T.V. photos of the ceremony. At first I thought the cameras had caught him swallowing hard on something. But it continued, and eventually it was certain that he was chewing.

Maybe it was gum, a cud of tobacco or just a harmless lozenge. But here in this country of freedom or information and “noseyness,” I sure would like to know if Chernenko is a bubblegum addict.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Facts on waste

Editor:

Will somebody please tell the factual story of waste piles all over the world?

I want to know, first, how Russia is handling this problem when we know she is also specializing in nuclear manufacturing.

I'd like a similar report on what they are doing in Japan where they may have even more waste than we do here.

Instead of beating each other over the head, let's concentrate on how it can all be solved!

Then, maybe, we can all get back to respecting, admiring—even loving—each other again.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

First, read the instructions

Editor:

For a long time I've felt that big government and a lot of media “commentators” have been talking down to us like we were all a bunch of morons, unable to think for ourselves. Now I'm

shocked to find that “big business” is also treating us like we were first graders!

On the underflap of a return envelope for payment of an insurance premium, I was given the following commands: Be sure to sign your check; put policy number on check; enclose portion of notice as instructed; put return address on return envelope.

Those orders I could take. It was the final directive that got to me! It said: Be sure to firmly attach stamp.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Pitchmen and senior citizens

Editor:

I'm wondering if my fellow “over 65-ers” are as tired of this barrage of T.V. commercials aimed directly at us as I am. Every old, retired has-been of the entertainment world is now trying to “sell” us insurance and trying to tell us how to pay our hospital bills.

Somehow, I feel I'm being talked down to, like I was a child who couldn't at least try to figure things out for myself. Maybe we should start a lobbying group to tell the world we still want to try to take care of ourselves a bit, anyway.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Privacy plea

Editor:

For a long time I've been resentful of the way junk mail invades

the privacy of my personal mailbox. Now, via my telephone, junk calls are invading the privacy of my living room!

My phone is becoming a sales tool for everything from insurance to a new roof. Can't private enterprise think up better ways to approach potential customers?

My personal privacy is about the last thing I want to lose—to anybody.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

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Southern Illinois

Bouquets for Pinckneyville

Editor:

May I please toss a few bouquets to my hometown of Pinckneyville?

First: without doubt, Pinckneyville was the prettiest, brightest and most tastefully decorated Christmas town in all Southern Illinois this year. In addition, the guys in charge put 'em up on the dot and took 'em down on the dot. Nothing slow about Col. Pinckney's corps.

From where I saw and mostly watched, our town got rid of the dangerous snow and slush in a quick and efficient program. Again, Pinckneyville is a bit ahead of others.

Finally, may I thank whoever is responsible for resuming our weekly testing of our weather warning sirens each Tuesday. I want to say thanks for "telling" me it is 10 a.m.—but, most of all, I want to say thanks for helping me remember what day of the week it is.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Birds and I enjoyed the feeding

Editor:

On behalf of a lot of lonely, hungry old birds of Southern Illinois, I want to thank columnist Ben Gelman for the reminder

to put out tidbits for the feathered set.

I got more kick out of doing it than the birds could possibly have gotten out of having it. I turned out less lonesome and they turned out less hungry.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Paying tribute to Morris

Editor:

I've been trying, lately, to keep my too-big mouth less active, but where due credit is due, I have to break my pattern. I want to applaud, praise and thank you for the tasteful tributes you have paid to the late Delyte Morris (former president of Southern Illinois University) during these days following his death.

Your good reporting was evident from the Bonnie Marx spot news coverage and your splendid full-page background story to your truly great editorial.

This is one time when I wish there could be bylines on editorials. I'd like to know the name of the person who wrote so beautifully of a great man and his great accomplishments.

All of us who love the SIU that Morris built during his presidency thank you deeply for helping us relive those good old days.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Mike Royko, a popular syndicated columnist now with the Chicago Tribune, inspires either loyalty or derision among his readers, depending on his topic for the day. Royko is amusing, caustic, and no-nonsense. He doesn't mince words; he doesn't spare feelings. And when Royko's eyes wander south of Chicago, he rarely finds anything good to say. As these next two letters show, however, Marmaduke doesn't let him get away with it.

A reminder to Mike

Editor:

Shame on Mike Royko! What he needs—if he ever gets out of his city limits—is a relaxing, good-earth visit in Southern Illinois.

After his childish comments about Chicago's RTA problems vs. downstate's roads, he may need a visitor's visa, but if he'll promise to look and listen objectively, as a good newspaperman should, I'll vouch for him.

From one who has lived in and loved all of Illinois, I want to remind Royko about a dictum that's the bottom line for our state and nation: "United we stand, divided we fall."

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Royko's urban cage

Editor:

I was all steamed up and ready to write a fightin' letter to Mike Royko about his nasty, illiterate cracks about our wonderful Southern Illinois, and then here comes your newspaper editorial by Peter Selkove, who answers Royko better than I ever could.

Maybe what Royko needs most is an escape from his limited

city cage and a chance to observe the good-earth livin' we enjoy down here.

If he'll promise to look, listen and write objectively—as all good newspapermen should—I'd even volunteer to be his Southern Illinois guide.

I bet I could still outdo him. I *know* I can out-talk him.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Still standing

Editor:

Congratulations, Carbondale. You have recently done two things that make me prouder than ever to be one of your native daughters.

First, you reached deep in your pocket to expand the services of your good local hospital. Now you have given rousing voter-support to a new library building. Keep it up. You're looking good.

It was about 8 a.m., June 21, 1908, in the upstairs bedroom at 500 S. Poplar St. that Carbondale became my hometown.

The old house still looks fine. We are proud that we both are still standing.

Virginia L. Marmaduke
Pinckneyville, Ill.

Newspaperman's Beer Bread

3 tablespoons sugar
3 cups self-rising flour 1 can beer
3 tablespoons mayonnaise

1 13-ounce carton Pimiento cheese spread

First, make two loaves of bread. Mix well sugar, flour and beer. Pour into well-greased loaf pans and bake at 350* F for 50 to 60 minutes, or until brown. They will slice better if allowed to cool in refrigerator overnight. Mix mayonnaise into cheese spread to make mixture spread easily. Cut bread slices into 3-inch "fingers", cover generously with cheese and "watch 'em smack their lips."

BLUE RIBBON DILLS

Virginia L. Marmaduke
(This recipe won first place at the 1969 Du Quoin Fair)

Wash enough pickle-size cucumbers to pack 5 quart jars. Let them drain dry and then arrange in jars, packing not too tightly. Add to each jar:

Several sprigs fresh dill
Bud of garlic

Piece of alum, about the size of
a pea

Mix:

1 qt. cider vinegar
3 qt. water

3/4 c. salt

Bring to rapid boil. Fill each jar with the boiling mixture and let stand for 5 minutes. Empty liquid; reheat again to rapid boil, and then refill the jars. This time seal jars and store for 1 month to complete the pickling process. When opening for use, slice pickles lengthwise into spears, put back into jars and refrigerate for crispness.

